O D E

TO THE

EARL OF BUTE,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

THE Muſe who, in Her infant Days,
Liſp'd, joyful, the firſt GEORGE's Praiſe:
Who, ſtill to patriot Maxims true,
Has Her lov'd, native Land in view;
Again preſumes her Lyre to ſtring,
And to the Hope of BRITAIN, ſing.

TRUTH She attends, Daughter of Sky,
Whoſe Preſence glads each virtuous Eye:
At whoſe Approach Vice takes Her Flight,
Abaſh'd at the refulgent Light.

FAME whiſpers, that the ſacred Maid
Shuns Courts, but wooes the Sylvan Shade;

By Innocence invited there,
And thus eſcaping FALSHOOD's Snare.

Grant, for this Charge, there be Pretence,
We'll draw no gen'ral Rule from thence.
Sincere the PRINCE, His gracious Mind,
May, by its Charm, His Courtiers bind:
This Charm may, like a Magnet, draw;
And, where it can't reform, will awe.

BUTE! to th' inſpiring Muſes dear;
Whoſe Thirſt of Science All revere:
To whom the Goddeſs has reveal'd
Her Treaſures, from the Croud conceal'd:
Thou, whoſe Politeneſs wins our Hearts:
Thou, Judge of Stateſmen, and Their Arts:
Behold where waits Thy Favourite, TRUTH:
O! lead Her to the ROYAL YOUTH.